

PRICE 10 CENTS

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Life

HEROES' NUMBER

NOTICE TO READER

When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas. No Wrapping. No Address. A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.



"WHY, SON, I WAS ONLY ONE OF 'EM"

traction Surface

The small eraser on the end of a pencil wears away quickly as compared with an eraser that is broad and flat.

So likewise the tire tread which consists of small projections wears away quickly as compared with the tread which has a broad flat traction-surface.

In the Michelin Universal three quarters of

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY

the entire tread is traction-surface. You can prove this for yourself by holding a piece of wire screen over a part of the tread and comparing the number of squares that touch the raised portion with the number that cover the portion not raised.

This is one of many reasons why Michelin Tires are unsurpassed for durability.

MILLTOWN, NEW JERSEY



MICHELIN



Stop That Destructive Pounding From Below the Springs

Cradle That Unsprung Weight On Miller Uniform Cords

Those dead-weight blows of the load that springs can't reach are what shatter cars to pieces long before their time. Double your speed and the blows are many times harder. It's a problem that motor car engineers can't solve.

Now comes a way that practically ends this evil—The Miller Cord Tire—buoyant, over-size, elastic. Thousands of cable cords as strong as bow-strings, floated in new live rubber, layer on layer. It gives and takes as it rolls on the rough of the road—it neutralizes shocks—you ride with bird-like ease.

No "Second Bests"

Miller Cords, like Miller Fabric Tires, are Uniform in mileage—tire after tire. That is because of our system of Uniform workmanship—because all Miller builders are trained to a championship standard.

Each builder is rated on every tire he makes. If ever one comes back, his standing is penalized.

Thus have we rid our tires of variable workmanship. And thus have we ended variables in mileage. The result is that every Miller is a long-distance runner—not only a few, such as some

call their "lucky" ones. Our Uniform System admits no "second bests."

Geared-to-the-Road

Uniform Millers are the only tires **Geared-to-the-Road**. This tread of many caterpillar feet engages the ground like cogs—the scientific way. That means positive traction, full power ahead and safety.

Put a pair of these tires on opposite wheels of your car. That test has proved their Uniform Mileage to thousands.

Go to the authorized Miller dealer, or write us for his name.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Surgeons' Grade Rubber Goods—For Homes as well as Hospitals

To Dealers: Write for attractive agency proposition in open territories (228)

*"I Am Penalized If Ever
One Comes Back"*



Miller
GEARED-TO-THE ROAD
UNIFORM MILEAGE
Tires



"THE TIMES ARE OUT OF JOINT, O BLESSED LIGHT!
I SEE THAT I WAS BORN TO SET 'EM RIGHT."

Alas! Alas! and alackaday! The most lugubrious number of LIFE is now rapidly approaching. We were cheerful during the war. When President Wilson left us with Congress on our hands we bore up with Christian resignation. But the Bone-Dry Law leaves us prone. The next number of LIFE is the saddest number ever issued.

The Bone-Dry
Life
Next Week

They All Like to Read Life

More than a million of our boys are still in France, and they all like LIFE, the real American paper.

Send them a subscription.

To American Expeditionary Force men, Soldiers, Sailors and Marines, \$5 a year, if no local foreign address be given.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months 80

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

LIFE SAVERS

THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

Life Savers of Business

Business is *holely* a matter of getting folks to agree. Keep Life Savers in your watch pocket and when your co-workers seem to be getting out of gear, slip your man a little *holesome* sweetness.

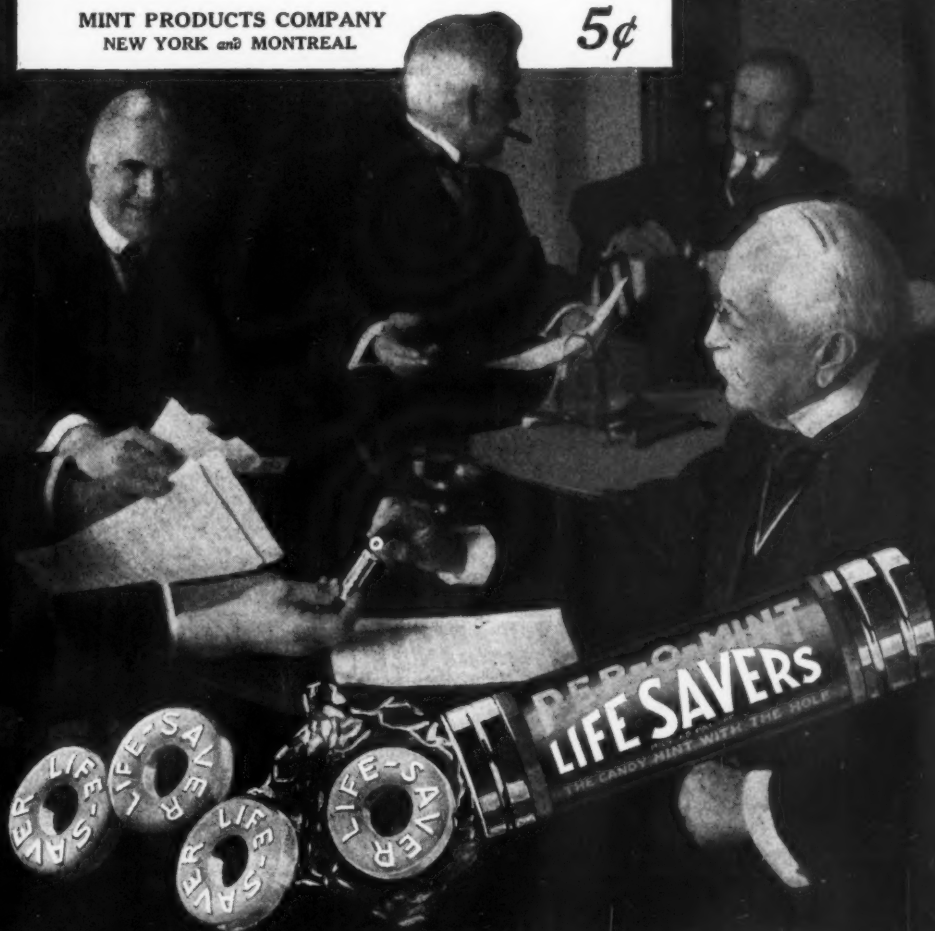
He will agree with you instantly on the goodness of the clear cut snappy flavors of Life Savers.

PEP-O-MINT WINT-O-GREEN
CL-O-VE LIC-O-RICE

Substitutes may cost the dealer less. They cost you the same as the real thing—Life Savers

MINT PRODUCTS COMPANY
NEW YORK and MONTREAL

5¢



Special
Offer

Enclosed
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Foreign
Send Life
months to

no sub-

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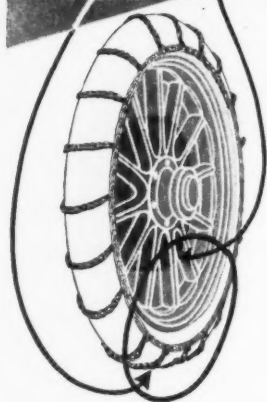
\$6.04.)



WEED TIRE CHAINS SAVED THEIR LIVES

Without tire chains, the brakes would have been useless—
with brakes alone, disaster could not have been prevented.

The above picture illustrates one of the numerous situations in which you may be placed during bad road weather—when suddenly some one *appears directly in your path* and, in a fraction of a second, you must apply your brakes and bring your car to a quick stop. It is then you require a firm, *unfailing grip* on the road which can only be obtained by equipping *all four tires* with



**Good Brakes and
Weed Tire Chains
together—**

**Undoubtedly the
greatest factor in
preventing motor
accidents.**

WEED TIRE CHAINS

Cars with *Chainless tires* on wet, greasy, slippery pavements lack brake power to the same degree as they would if their brake linings were made of wet, greasy, slippery bands of rubber. *Tire Chains* are the most effective supplementary addition to brake power—in fact, *brake efficiency* is largely dependent upon the use of chains.

No matter how expert and careful you are when driving on wet pavements and muddy roads, *the treacherous bare tires defeat your very best efforts* to prevent a skid or bring your car safely to a sudden stop.

The memory of one accident spoils future enjoyment in the use of a car so don't run the risk of such accidents. Don't forever forfeit the pleasures and comforts of motoring. Safety and confidence can surely be yours *by equipping all four tires with Weed Chains.*

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.

BRIDGEPORT



CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain



LIFE

Climax

WALK humbly, O America, to the crowning of Peace—
With meek heart and reverence to the meeting of our
peers;

Forget not, America, the weary months of silence,
The black high pride of three long years.

Remember, O America, the dead who lie in Flanders,
The wounded and the slain of our great Allies;

Remember, too, the sacrifice of the women and the children,
The months we lay in darkness, unseeing with our eyes.

Make not demands, America, of the men who fought be-
fore us,

Be not domineering o'er the men who suffered most;
We have not known the whole white flame of sacrifice,
If we have saved Democracy, let not that be our boast.

Walk humbly, O America, to the crowning of Peace—
With meek heart and reverence to the meeting of our
peers;

Forget not, O America, the weary months of silence,
The black high pride of three long years.

Katherine Kissam Johnson.



AFTER A LONG ABSENCE

"DON'T YOU KNOW ME? I'M YOUR DADDY."

"PLEATHED TO MEET YOU. I'VE HEARD MUVVER THPEAK OF YOU."





SOME HEROES
PAST AND PRESENT

Heroes and Heroes

IN almost any novel the hero is beset by tribulations. There are many complications and vexing problems to be overcome. Sometimes it seems a shame the way the author piles it on. But the hero is always undaunted and stout-hearted. And really he has reason to be, as he knows very well that a self-respecting author always pulls his hero out.

In real life it is different. A man is a real hero who keeps stout-hearted and undismayed when troubles and tribulations are piled on. He knows that the chances are that no one but himself can pull him out.

THE trouble with the peace table is that the Allies want it *à la carte*, and Wilson wants it American plan—*table d'hôte*.

Immortals

BEYOND the lifted barrage
He'd almost gained his goal,
When on far ways eternal
Went out his soldier soul.

They found in his blouse pocket
These words, writ clear to see,
"I shall fight on as though all
Depended upon me."

But now he has adventured
Beyond the utmost star;
His is that distant dwelling
Where all dead heroes are.

Mayhap he looks on Bayard,
Marks Roland near him stand,
Beholds the smile of Sidney,
And grasps him by the hand.

For valor calls to valor
Across Time's furthest span;
He is immortal with them,
This young American!

Clinton Scollard.

The Sinn Feinskis

IF the Peace Conference will only listen to us, we can solve the Irish question and the Russian problem in one lick.

Our solution is perfectly feasible.

In fact, it has already been tried, with great success for both parties.

Why not combine the new Irish Republic with the Soviets and let it go at that?

The Irish and the Russians could then rule jointly in Petrograd and Dublin—just as they do to-day in New York.



THE PUP HE LEFT BEHIND HIM



HE CAN'T SHAKE OFF THE HABIT



MODERN LADIES IN WAITING

My Hero

I'M just six, but Arch, he's ten—
 You oughter see him, gentlemen!
 There ain't nothin' he can't do;
 Cross my heart, and honest true!
 Fish and swim and dive and float;
 Box and wrestle, row a boat,
 Umpire, catch, or pitch or bat,
 Kick a football high as that!
 Skate? If he just had the chance,
 He could skate from here to France!
 Y'oughter see him make us drill!
 It's things like that scared Kaiser Bill.
 Why, I guess if General Foch
 Had known our Archie, he'd said,
 "Gosh!
 Marshal Archie, here's my hand.
 I'll be second. You command."

Florence Hart Rutledge.

The Seven Wonders of the World

THE glory of France.
 The pluck of Belgium.
 The tenacity of England.
 The enthusiasm of Italy.
 The strength of the U. S.
 The madness of Russia.
 The helplessness of Germany.



"HOW PERFECTLY SPLENDID TO THINK YOU'RE ONE OF THE HEROES WHO WENT OVER THERE TO DIE FOR YOUR COUNTRY!"

"LIKE H—— I DID, MA'AM! I WENT OVER TO MAKE SOME OTHER GUY DIE FOR HIS."



"CAN'T I STAY FIVE MINUTES LONGER, DOCTOR? I WON'T LET HIM TALK. I'LL JUST LET HIM
LOOK AT ME"



A Word to Heroes

STILL be heroes when you come home. Even in these States, far from shell-holes and trenches, there are heroic times and more coming.

We need persons who can sit tight; gentlemen not too much concerned about what is going to happen to them and the rest of the community, but duly concerned for their own conduct and the maintenance of the spirit and the discipline that helped them to end the war.

Observe, heroes, that this is your country. Do what you can to take care of your property. The country owes you a great deal, and part of it it will doubtless attempt to pay, and it is important that it should. But it is much more important that you should pay what you still owe to the country.

Think what she has done for you!

Could you have been heroes unless she had got you into the war?

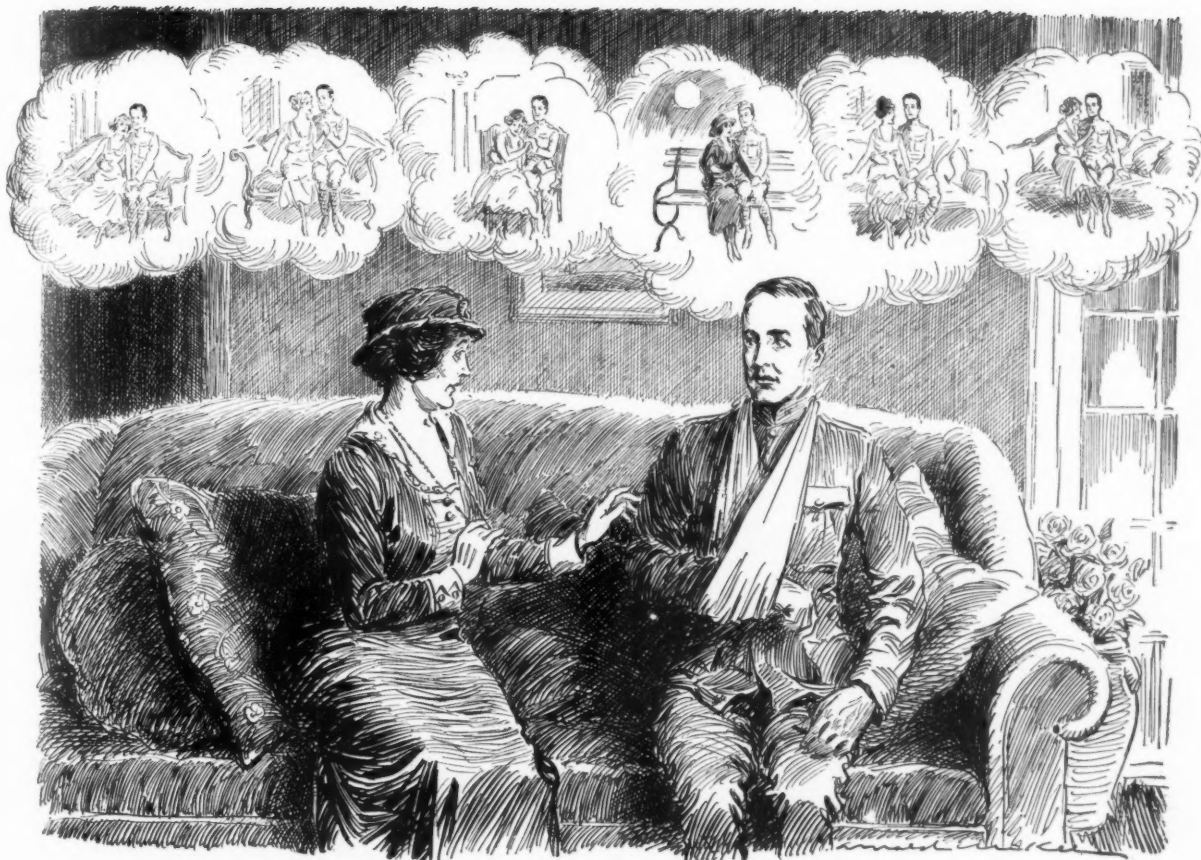
Do you think you were born heroes?

Not a bit of it. Heroism was handed out to you. You are heroes because you had to be. Nothing less than heroism could meet the situation you had to meet, and you reached for it and put it on like a garment.

It is a good garment. Keep it on! It is becoming. You know the war is not yet over. Peace is not signed yet, but even when peace is signed the war will not be over. It will hardly be over in your lifetime. The war has shaken all the habits and all the old arrangements of this world. There is ahead an immense readjustment. All you heroes feel, one hears, that your old jobs are not good enough for you. Probably they are not. If you got out of the war what there was in it for you, you are much bigger men than when you went in, and would probably find your old jobs a tight fit. But when a man's job becomes a tight fit it cracks down the back and he usually gets one that is more commodious.

You are not the same as you were before the war, neither are jobs the same. They have changed as much as the heroes have changed who used to fill them. Finding a job that will fit will be to many heroes a good deal like going over the top, but the spirit that went over the top will find the job and stretch it to hero size.

PAUL GOULD



"NOW, DO TELL THE STORY OF YOUR WOUNDED ARM."
"IT ISN'T EXACTLY WOUNDED—JUST SORT OF STRAINED."

The Worst of Display Heads

A RECENT display-head in a newspaper read: "NEAR HIS SENTENCE; ALMOST ESCAPES." What the prisoner was near was not his sentence, but execution, but "execution" had one too many letters in it to fit the line.

Another headline said: "HISTORY SOCIETY NEEDS FUNDS." The concern that was hard up was the Natural History Society, but the column could not hold its full name.

Dreadful are the offenses of headline writers against truth and language, especially language. When they are put to choose between a word that fits the sense of an article and a word that fits the column space, they choose for space and let sense shift for itself. If the right word doesn't fit, and a very wrong word does fit, the wrong word gets a boost in print in the most conspicuous place in the paper. And this last is the worst of it—that the most conspicuous writing in the newspapers should be the least bound by the obligations of good writing.

"MINE legs are sore mit stiffness."

"No vonder. You haf atrophy of der goose-step muscles."



"PLEASE'M, ONE O' THE PIPES IS BURST, AN' THERE'S TWO FOOT O' WATER IN THE CELLAR, AN' THE PLUMBERS IS ON STRIKE."

"RUN OVER AND GET THAT YOUNG MAN NEXT DOOR, SUSAN. HE'S BEEN SHIPWRECKED TWICE."



WHY SAMMY WOULD LIKE TO BE AN ANGEL FOR HALF AN HOUR



AS THE SOLDIER SEES IT.
UPROARIOUSLY ENTHUSIASTIC NEW YORKERS WATCHING A
PARADE OF RETURNED SOLDIERS

Albert of Belgium

Liège, 1914—Brussels, 1918

"THESE plaudits are mine!" cries the Prussian in wrath;
"They are mine—I the battles have won.
My siege guns shall sweep every foe from my path,
And for me make a place in the sun.
My seal I have set—then acknowledge my sway!"
He pauses as trophies they bring:
But confounded he hears from the masses the cheers
Lauding Albert of Belgium—a King.

"Albert of Belgium!" he cries in disdain;
"He is paltry—a monarch forlorn.
The fall of Liège saw the last of his reign—
From his shoulders the ermine is torn.
He is writhing in exile—his country is waste;
I hold her—a quivering thing!"
But again comes amaze as he hearkens the praise,
All for Albert of Belgium—a King.

"You fought with machines!" cries a voice in the crowd;
"His kingdom you won—but what then?
Your might had enwrapped his fair land in a shroud;
But 'twas Albert who fought with his men!
'Twas flesh that he pitted against your siege guns—
From defeat does his victory spring—
For your torch lit the flame that has burnished the name
Of Albert of Belgium—a King!"

Mabel Haughton Collyer.

AS the ordinary layman sees the peace squabble, there are not enough natural boundaries to go around.



THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE



THE ARCHIVES OF A FAMILY

The Slackers

SCENE: A home. Father, mother, daughter and boy are seated near a central table.

FATHER (consulting his watch): Jack ought to be here almost any minute now.

MOTHER: It's much harder to wait these last few moments than all the days and weeks that have gone.

DAUGHTER: I am wondering if we have all done what we could. Somehow, I want Jack to believe that we have.

BOY: It wasn't my fault that I couldn't join the army. But I've been a boy scout. That's something.

MOTHER: I don't see that I could have done any more. I worked in the Red Cross every moment.

DAUGHTER: I've written twelve letters a week, on the average. I've nursed, and driven an ambulance and worked in the canteen and sold stamps.

FATHER: I've contributed to all the war funds to the limit and bought all the Liberty Bonds I could.

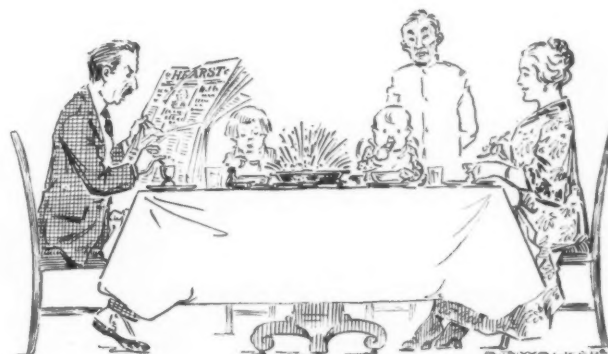
DAUGHTER: But think how little all this is compared with what Jack has done! If we have any of us held anything back—just for ourselves—he will know. You feel those things.

(Suddenly there is a sound outside. They all start up. The boy enters. They crowd around and embrace him. The excitement beginning to subside, they settle down once more, each telling more quietly what has happened since the boy went away.)

DAUGHTER (suddenly): Jack, just before you came in we were all wondering whether we back home here had all of us done as much as we could to help you win the war. And we were going over it all, giving an account of ourselves. And I said that if we hadn't, you would know it—we should be able to see it in your face. Look at him, father and mother! We haven't! You have been disappointed in us. I can see it. How have we failed?

JACK: Yes, people, I am disappointed in you.

MOTHER: Oh, Jack, boy, don't say that!



THE YELLOW JOURNAL

Smith: WHAT'S THE ODOR? IS THIS A BAD EGG?

Mrs. S.: IT ISN'T THE EGG, MY DEAR,



The Profiteer: GIVE TILL IT HURTS

FATHER (*a shadow coming over his face*): I knew it! I felt myself that I ought to have gone, even if I am over sixty. I shall always regret it (*voice trembles*).

JACK: No, father, it isn't that. No doubt you tried to do your bit.

BOY (*beginning to cry*): It isn't my fault. I sure wanted to go.

DAUGHTER: Quick, Jack! Don't keep us in this suspense. Let us face this together. Just when and how have we failed you?

JACK: Sister, don't! The memory of those bitter moments when the truth was disclosed to me is still too painful to think of.

FATHER: Speak, boy. We must bear this. How have we failed you?

JACK: Six weeks ago, after what seemed weeks of weary waiting, I received a ten-pound box of chocolate creams.

THE WHOLE FAMILY: Well, Well—?

JACK: And I wrote for gum drops.

One Way Out of It

FROM an Associated Press dispatch we learn that President Wilson's gifts have been so heavy that, in order to bring them across the water, it may be necessary to engage a transport.

The services of transports at the present time are largely in demand. Indeed, many thousands of our boys are now waiting on the other side to get home because transportation is not available. In the emergency, and in order to insure the passage of the gifts, why not use the German navy?

AWFUL HOLOCAUST

Disastrous Flood Sweeps Over Greenwich Village

NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—Saturday evening a flood of at least ten barrels of Croton water and a dozen cakes of soap swept over Greenwich Village. Not a villager survives to tell the tale.

EXTRACT from a soldier letter, repeated by a censor who had a sense of humor:

Somewhere in France.

DEAR MA: I have saved a little money, and when I get back home I'm goin' to buy me two mules, and name one of 'em Corporal and the other one Sergeant; then I'm goin' to lick hell out o' both of 'em!

THE HEN: I am the only shell factory that has no trouble getting on a peace basis.



Lady Eskimo: GET UP, ISHI, WE CAN SAVE A HUNDRED AND NINETY HOURS OF DAYLIGHT TO-DAY!

Copyright Life Pub. Co.



"DID YOU ENJOY YOUR STAY IN THE HOSPITAL?"

"NO. IT COST ME FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS A WEEK TO SEE THE DOCTOR MAKE LOVE TO THE NURSE,
AND I CAN SEE THE SAME THING IN THE MOVIES FOR TEN CENTS."



FEBRUARY 27
1919

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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No. 1896

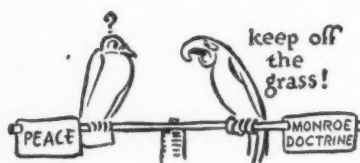
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We should have thought of Boston as a hostile port, but possibly Mr. Wilson has a gentle curiosity to discover just how much of Boston is represented by Senator Lodge and the *Transcript*. Mr. Lodge will be in Washington when the George Washington docks, the Old Lady in Bombazine will hardly make the effort to meet the ship, and the Back Bay may pull down its shades, but, no doubt, part of Boston will get to the wharf and the papers will print the news.

We should rather let Mr. Wilson expound his first draft of the League of Nations than do it for him, and he says he will expound it at earliest convenience after he arrives. It has been received with enthusiasm of all degrees from boundless down to moderate, from persons who wanted a plan to stop wars, and with more or less gloom by persons who prefer the old order, wars and all, to any new one the pains whereof they have not proved. Dr. Butler of Columbia thinks the draft a clumsy literary job, but he does not condemn the idea. Mr. Taft says it is not all he had wished, but better than he had hoped for. Plenty of newspapers and plenty of people, in view of what it stands for, say it is the greatest political document ever brought to a head.

Washington is reported to be anxious because it considers that the League will abolish the Monroe Doc-

trine. Maybe so. But after all it would not be a weighty objection to a plan to abate murder that it would incidentally abolish hanging. The Monroe Doctrine gives notice that we will knock the block off of any nation that meddles with any nation on this continent in a manner which, for stated reasons, we disapprove. If the League undertakes to knock the block off of any nation that so misbehaves to any other nation, it will induce a dormant condition of our separate and limited undertaking to that effect so long as the larger contract holds good. And, after all, Mr. Wilson said in one of his pieces that what he was after was to make a Monroe Doctrine that would include all the world. If the League plan works, that will have been done.

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AND it is going to work.

That the five chief powers in the combination against Germany should have accepted the draft is a very great matter. The League is not out of the woods, but there is a League, and the new plan for the management of the world has been put into words and accepted by the nations that have the power to make it work. They propose to make it as hot for any nation that starts a war, as ordinary law makes it for persons who kill folks. To that end and to the end that nations may get justice without going to war for it, the League plan provides for courts, judgments and penalties, and power to put them through.

To deprive the nations of the privi-

lege of going to war on their own hook is awful, of course, but the world is gun-shy, gas-shy, submarine-shy and tired to the last extreme of modern war. And particularly tired are the men who have had actual experience of it. They don't like it at all, and those who have survived it want no more of it ever. Ask one of them if gas is intolerable and he will say yes, but liquid fire is worse. These persons on whom government money has been lavished to such an incredible extent, and for whose welfare and prosperity in their employment the resources of the nations have been drained almost to exhaustion, have hardly a good word to say for the employment. They hate it worse, if possible, than their brothers do who have paid for it.

In that enormous world-wide disapproval of up-to-date war lies the best hope for the success of the new league. The world has had a frightful licking. It is sore and sad and would rather be good than be licked any more. It will even consent to be wise if somebody will show it how.



THE chief objection to the League in this country seems to be that if it prospers and amounts to something, Mr. Wilson will get some credit.

It seems unavoidable, but it may be possible to postpone a good deal of it and let it be liquidated like the war bonds, by posterity.

For our part, we are for having it done so, and it seems likely that that method will be acceptable also to Mr. Wilson. He must be quite fed up with applause, and is probably tired, and he probably longs for the time when he shall have accomplished the chief concerns that have been on his mind, and he can go and sit in the shade somewhere and swear. He must need to swear very much, though, after all, his efforts have been sweetened by such extraordinary bursts of expert enconium and popular approval, and by such very remarkable outbreaks of indiscreet oburgation, that his temper may be blander than one would expect.

Surely it will be a joy to him to read Mr. James M. Beck's remarks about



"YES, THE LITTLE DEAR THREW AWAY HIS BOTTLE WHILE YOU WERE GONE"

him at the Lincoln Day dinner of the New York Republican Club. And that suggests something. Why not Jim Beck for Republican-Junker candidate for President! He is an easy speaker, and able to say what he thinks. What he thinks now he has thought pretty steadily for the last three years, to wit, that the welfare of the United States and the rest of mankind will be immensely advanced by the relegation of W. Wilson to private life.

It is a good while since Mr. Beck has been pleased with Mr. Wilson, but he has not before been quite so candid in disclosure of his sentiments about him as he was in that Republican Club address on Lincoln's birthday. In that speech he declared that Mr. Wilson's foreign policy "from the time he assumed office until the present hour, is a black stain upon the name of the American people." Of Mr. Wilson's

expression of his desire for peace without victory, Mr. Beck said: "Never was a more infamous thing done by a President of the United States."

In these remarks Mr. Beck represented quite a considerable body of people, preponderantly Republicans, whose emotions and discourse about Mr. Wilson have become greatly intensified in the last three months. It is awfully early to talk about running anyone for President, but there is no objection to Mr. Beck going out after the nomination. Indeed, his friends in the club called The Fossils, have already named him as their candidate. He seems to have a fairly complete set of the sentiments of the opposition to Wilson, and an unusual faculty for expounding them with the living voice. But these are the sentiments that must beat the Democratic candidate next year if he is to be beaten. He will have

to run on Mr. Wilson's record, and if that record is "infamous," as Mr. Beck says, it ought not to be hard to beat him.

Possibly our good friend, Colonel Harvey, would consent to complete the ticket. Jim Beck and George Harvey. Platform: Wilson is infamous. Stand back, gentlemen, while it sweeps the country!



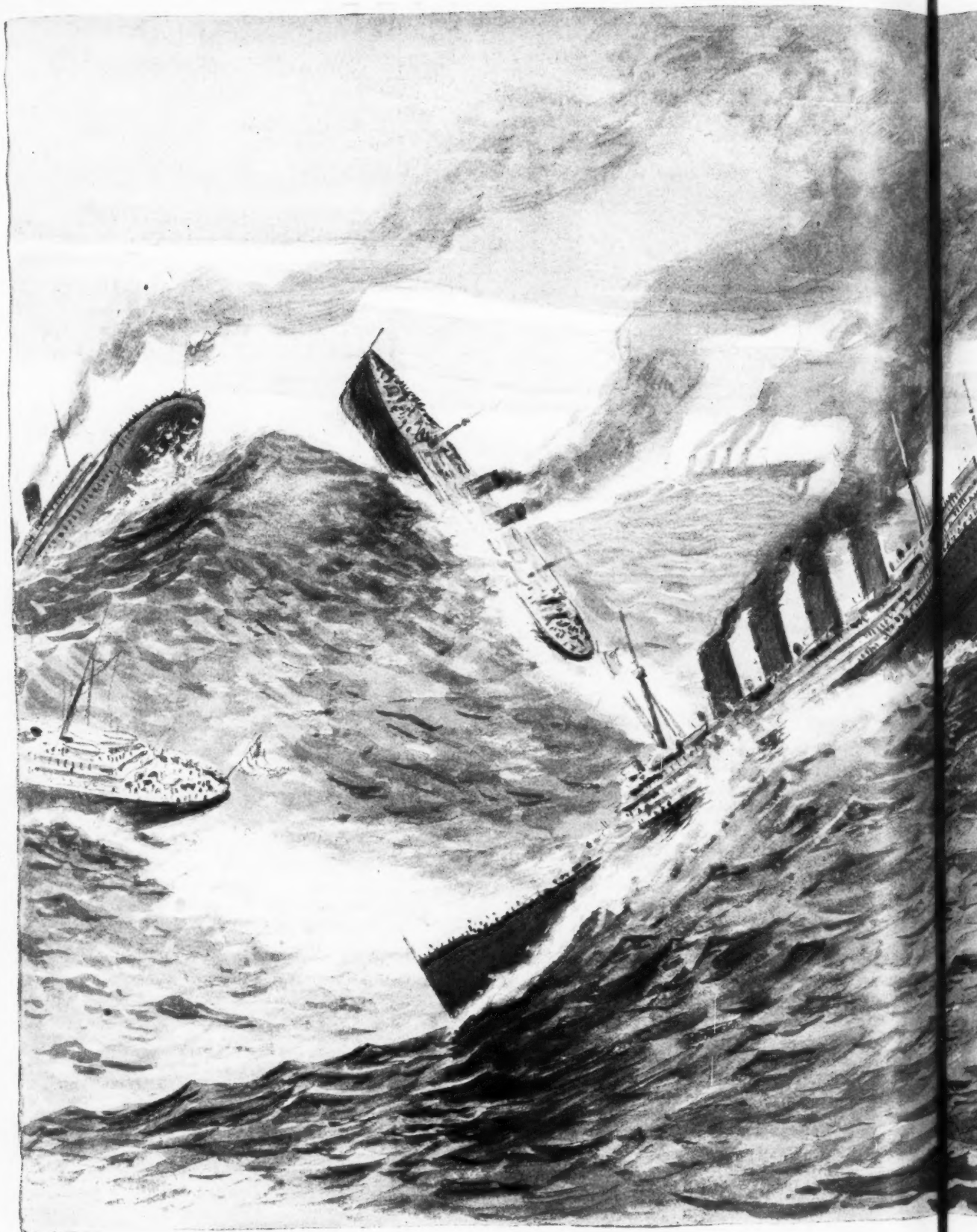
BUT there are plenty of Republicans who would not vote for Beck and Harvey, and they must be wondering how they are going to express themselves at the next election. Mr. Taft is one of them. He has worked for the Peace League. The *World* considers that his support of Mr. Wilson's efforts have been of the highest importance and consequence in the assurance that they gave to Europe that the whole of the party that carried the last elections here was not represented by Lodge and Penrose.

A great court will be a part of the machinery of the League.

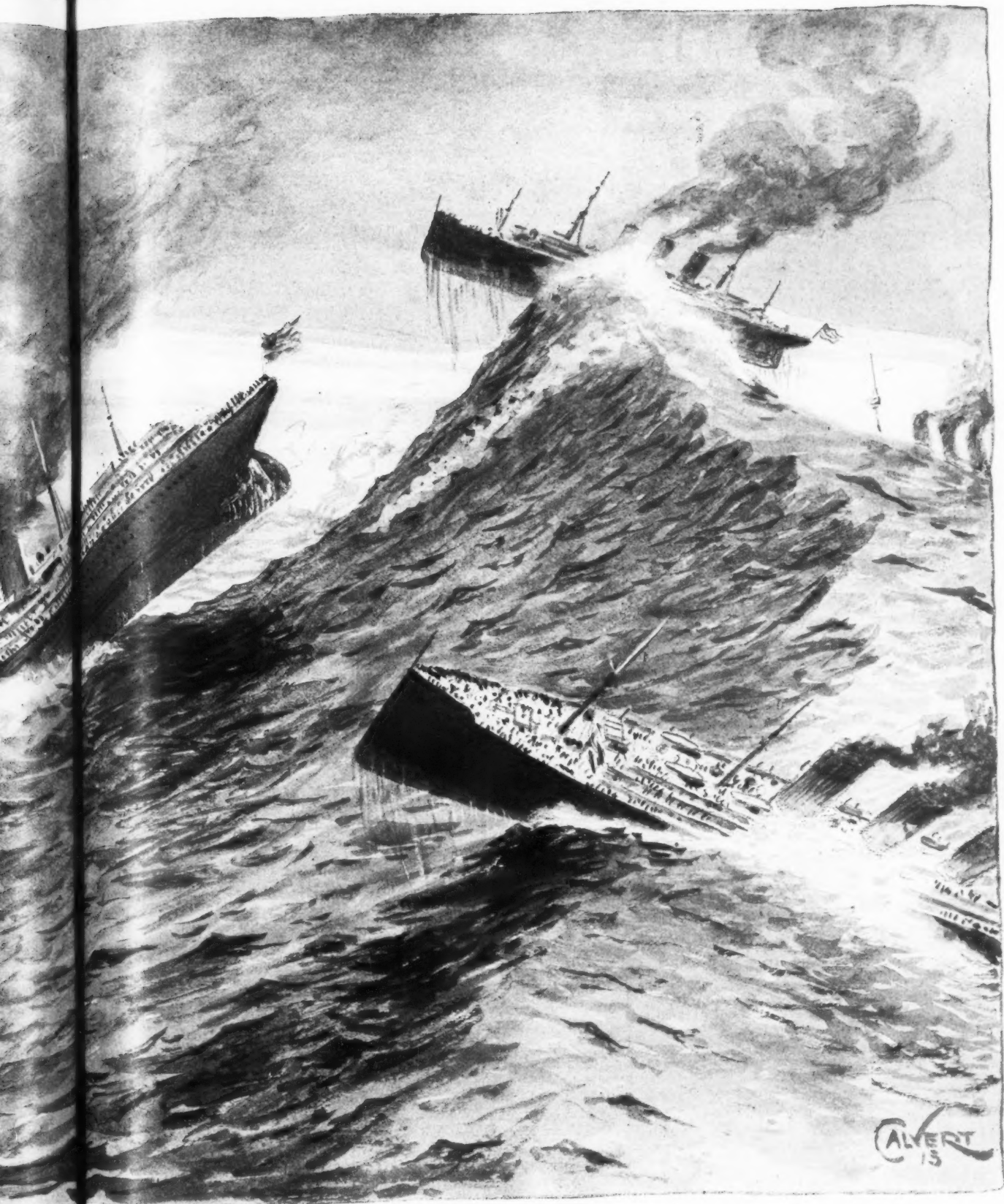
One doesn't have to be a seventh son to guess that the stars are pulling to fetch Mr. Taft back to the bench.

Mr. Sharp of Ohio, who has been our ambassador to France for three years, has resigned, and Mr. Hugh Wallace of Tacoma and Washington has been appointed to succeed him. Mr. Sharp discharged the duties of the office acceptably, and no doubt Mr. Wallace will do the same. And like Mr. Sharp, Mr. Wallace, who is a banker, is able to supply out of his own pocket the funds necessary to meet the reasonable obligations of an ornate office which our government still refuses to support.

Mr. Wallace has been very active of recent years in Democratic politics, but has not advertised very much, and is not well known outside of the circle of Mr. Wilson's supporters. His appointment is another instance of the disposition of the administration to put into office men who approve its policies and will help to carry them out, in preference to eminent persons of a contrary bias.



"Hail! Hail!" gang



! Hail! "gang's all here!"



In Mid-Lent



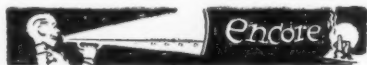
THE Winter Garden has established itself as an institution in New York. Any place of entertainment that can keep people coming to it through twenty-five productions, good and bad, must be regarded as an institution. The Winter Garden appeals to the primary instincts for amusement—those which are attributed principally to the genus now generally known as the tired business man. The tired business man isn't necessarily a bad lot. He's really the man in the street. When he's through with his dinner, whatever the dinner may be that the various food factories, called hotels and restaurants, supply to

him, he wants to be entertained. Therefore he seeks a show that will make no demand on his brains, some place where there are lights, music, laughter and pretty girls.

These things he finds at the Winter Garden, and plenty of them. He doesn't insist on intellectuality. He resents being bored—which means thinking. Just to see and hear and have those senses stunned, that's all he asks.

In "Monte Cristo, Jr." he certainly gets all he asks for. In one way the piece is an improvement on the usual Winter Garden show because it has something of a plot. In this respect it resembles the Empire and Alhambra productions in London, which, despite their frivolity, had a slight appeal to intelligence. The usual fun of Messrs. Jolson and Tinney is woe-fully and vulgarly supplied by a pair of vaudeville women named the Watson Sisters. The Dooleys present their really amusing athletic and acting turn. Audrey Maple is a nice blond prima-donna, and Mr. Charles Purcell gets away with the white-wigged *Monte Cristo*.

Take it all together, "Monte Cristo, Jr." is quite in line with the sort of entertainment the Winter Garden should provide.



"TOBY'S BOW" has in it a lot of sweetness. Mr. George Marion's picture of the old colored retainer, whose courteous bow was reserved for only the family he served, deserves to go down in reputation with Mr. Sweatnam's colored man



"THAT AIN'T THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME!"

in "The County Chairman." Such impersonations are worth remembering. The type and the ability to recognize it are likely soon to disappear in these United States of Bolshevism.

Barring a first act of degenerate New York, "Toby's Bow" has a great deal of charm. The atmosphere of good breeding contributed by Alice Augarde Butler, Mr. Charles A. Stevenson and Mr. Wright Kramer is refreshing in these rough-house days, and makes a delightful background for the artistic seriousness of Mr. Norman Trevor and the rather depressing bass note of Doris Rankin.

This serio-comedy of Southern life ought by its intrinsic interest and its fine performance to attract those who complain that the theatre in New York runs only to draw audiences with no sense of refinement. But those who go will have to be indulgent to the lurid first act, which they will forgive as intended to heighten the effect of those that follow.



EVEN in semi-amateur presentation it's pleasant to hear the good lines of "As You Like It" fairly well rendered. This "The Shakespeare Playhouse" does with Elsie Mackay as a youthfully charming and ebullient *Rosalind*, Mr. Allen Thomas as an extremely jovial *Duke*, and Mr. Henry Herbert as one of the most lackadaisical *Touchstones* known to history.

Any organization that dares to present Shakespeare in this

epoch deserves credit. **LIFE** takes off its hat to "The Shakespeare Playhouse" for its laudable intentions.

HE kills him. Then what? The crime is fixed on a poor amnesiac. But the wife and child. Ah, yes! Thus the play. It is called "The Net." And it is extremely interesting. Grant the curiously unexplained appearance in the first act of the amnesiac, and the rest of the plot becomes absorbing. Certainly enough so as to keep a sophisticated audience wondering how it is all to come out. And "The Net" is well acted. Mr. Charles Millward, as the amnesiac, is the real

hero; Mr. Charles Dalton is a fine boss of a sanitarium; Mr. Ben Johnson is a very convincing crown prosecutor.

If you want to be diverted from your own thoughts and have your attention held by a stage story, get some well-disposed speculator to sell you a seat for "The Net."

AND speaking of speculators, **LIFE** hasn't had many complaints lately from its readers about exorbitant charges for theatre tickets. It begins to look as though the League of Nations was an established fact and that the millennium was close at hand. *Metcalfe.*



Astor.—"East Is West," by Messrs. Shipman and Hymer, with Fay Bainter. Fairly interesting play of Chinese-American life with the star as the most attractive feature.

Belasco.—"Tiger! Tiger!" by Edward Knoblock, with Frances Starr. Excellent staging of a study in the sexual side of London bachelor life.

Belmont.—"Little Brother," by Messrs. Goldsmith and James. Very well acted and interesting drama of the New York ghetto.

Bijou.—"A Sleepless Night," by Messrs. Larric and Blum. Notice later.

Booth.—"The Woman in Room 13," by Messrs. Shipman and Marcin. Crime and divorce in ingenious melodramatic form.

Broadhurst.—"The Melting of Molly," by Davies, Smith and others. Girl-and-music entertainment of the customary type.

Casino.—"Sometime," by Young and Friml. Tuneful and diverting girl-and-music show.

Central.—"Somebody's Sweetheart," by Messrs. Price and Bafunno. Nonette fiddling her own accompaniments as the feature of an amusing girl-and-music show.

Century Roof.—Midnight treatment for insomnia in the form of cabaret.

Century.—Last week of "The Betrothal." Maeterlinck's poetic and picturesque sequel to "The Blue Bird."

Cohan and Harris.—"The Royal Vagabond." Notice later.

Cohan's.—"A Prince There Was," by Mr. George M. Cohan, with the author in the leading rôle. Comedy of the day with most amusing episodes.

Comedy.—"Toby's Bow," by Mr. J. T. Foote. See above.

Cort.—"The Better 'Ole," by Messrs. Bairnsfather and Eliot. The fun of the recent war successfully dramatized from the artist's drawings.

Criterion.—"Three Wise Fools," by Mr. Austin Strong. The amusing and dramatic side of elderly bachelor life in New York.

Eltinge.—"Up in Mabel's Room," by Messrs. Collison and Harbach. Laughable farce with lingerie as the moving topic.

Empire.—"Dear Brutus," by Sir. J. M. Barrie, with Mr. William Gillette. Human character in fantastic and witty analysis.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Sinbad." The almost immortal girl-and-music show.

Fulton.—"The Riddle: Woman," with Mme. Bertha Kalich. Danish blackmail illustrated in well acted drama.

Forty-fourth Street Roof.—Norah Bayes in "Ladies First." Liberal allowance of fun and music.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Net," by Maravene Thompson. See above.

French.—Repertory of French plays by imported company. Examples of modern French production and acting.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. The fun of the divorce industry at Reno laughably set forth.

Globe.—"The Canary" with Julia Sanderson and Mr. Joseph Cawthorn. Girl-and-music background for the abilities of the two popular stars.

Greenwich Village.—"Hobohemia," by Mr. Sinclair Lewis. Humorous satire on New York's counterfeit bohemianism.

Harris.—"The Invisible Foe," by Mr. Walter Hackett. Spiritualism in melodramatic and sentimental exposition.

Henry Miller's.—"Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans," by Mr. Laurence Eyre, with Mrs. Fiske. Delightful comedy of Creole life.

Hippodrome.—"Everything." Big-scale ballet, spectacle and vaudeville.

Hudson.—"Friendly Enemies," by Messrs. Shipman and Hoffman, with Messrs. Mann and Bernard. Good dramatic illustration of



"OVER THE TOP" AGAIN

the dilemma of the German-born American during the recent war.

Little.—"Please Get Married," by Messrs. Cullen and Browne. See above.

Longacre.—"Three Faces East," by Mr. A. P. Kelly. Well acted and absorbing spy drama.

Lyceum.—"Daddies," by Mr. John L. Hobbie. Most agreeable comedy of American bachelor life.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple," by Messrs. West and Moore. A new and interesting touch in crime melodrama.

Manhattan.—"The Little Teacher." Pleasant rural comedy.

Mary Elliott's.—"Tea for Three," by Mr. R. C. Megrue. Witty American comedy, very well played.

Morosco.—"Cappy Ricks," by Mr. E. E. Rose. Business comedy, diverting and with Messrs. Tom Wise and William Courtenay in congenial rôles.

Park.—Successful revival of "Robin Hood."

Playhouse.—"Forever After," by Mr. Owen Davis, with Alice Brady. A war touch given to our old-fashioned sentimental drama.

Plymouth.—Toystoy's "Redemption" with Mr. John Barrymore. Powerful acting by the star in drama of Russian degeneracy.

Princess.—"Oh, My Dear," by Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse and Hirsch. Cheery vest-pocket girl-and-music show.

Punch and Judy.—Repertory of short plays by Dunsany. Imaginative and well staged.

Republic.—Florence Reed in "Roads of Destiny." Dramatic lessons in the interesting workings of Fate.

Selwyn.—"The Crowded Hour," by Messrs. Selwyn and Pollock, with Jane Cowl. Showing melodramatically and emotionally how a New York telephone girl made a side-show of the recent war.

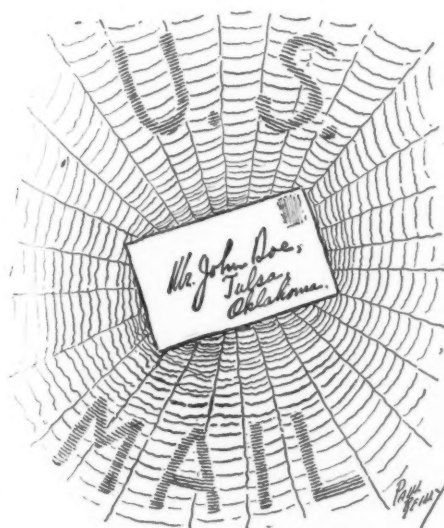
Shubert.—"Good Morning, Judge." Fluffy musical comedy based on "The Magistrate."

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Keep It to Yourself." Adapted from the French by Mr. Mark Swan. Risky farce with many laughs.

Vanderbilt.—"A Little Journey," by Rachel Crothers. Amusing sleeping-car comedy.

Winter Garden.—"Monte Cristo, Jr." See above.

Ziegfeld's Frolics.—Cabaret from 9 P. M. until the cows come home.



CAUGHT IN THE BURLESON WEB

Victory

UPON Thine altars, Lord,
Have we the sacrificial wine out-
poured;
And Thou, by land and sea,
Hast granted unto us the Victory.

From Thee we crave no power
In this exalted and triumphant hour,
Only the common good
Of all mankind in righteous brother-
hood.

Clinton Scollard.

The Heroic Era

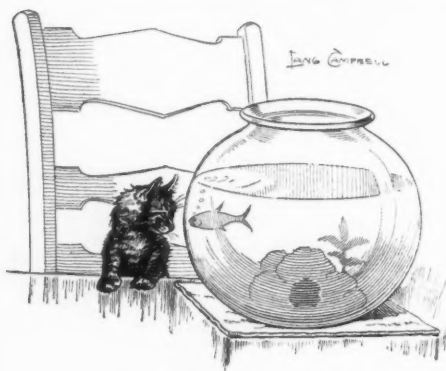
EVERY age is dull to the unimagin-
ative. All days are gray to the
gray in thought. No hero is a hero to
his valet, because valets were made that
way.

But to those whose minds are dyed
with the emotion of the sublime and
whose receiving apparatus cannot be
dulled by the repetition of the tales
from Over There of the prodigious
feats of endurance and the Homeric
courage of Our Boys, the Heroic Age
is this age, and the days of Hercules
and Horatius are these days.

Heroes! What a banal word! But
visualize the ribbon clerk who sat silent
in that tree on a certain bitter night
last winter without a cup of coffee, his
finger on the trigger of his gun and
his eye, weary with fatigue, boring the
dark for a crawling enemy.

Visualize the iceman who served you
every morning going "over the top" to
battle and die for a thing not seen of
the eyes and not touched of the hand—
an ideal of Liberty and Duty.

And your bootblack, maybe, who,
sweaty and slimy and buggy, sticks to



"COME OUT AND PLAY"



LIFE'S GALLERY OF OLD MASTERS IV.

AN ADMIRAL OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY (AFTER LEMUEL ABBOTT)

his gun with the hosanna, "Long live America!" on his lips, knowing that that is his final breath and his final word.

Hats off to them—to both our quick and our dead. Agamemnon, Achilles and Horatius are with us in khaki—or there deep in the mud of France.

"WELL, old fellow, did you learn to make love in French?"

"Yes, but I didn't learn the lan-
guage."

Comes High

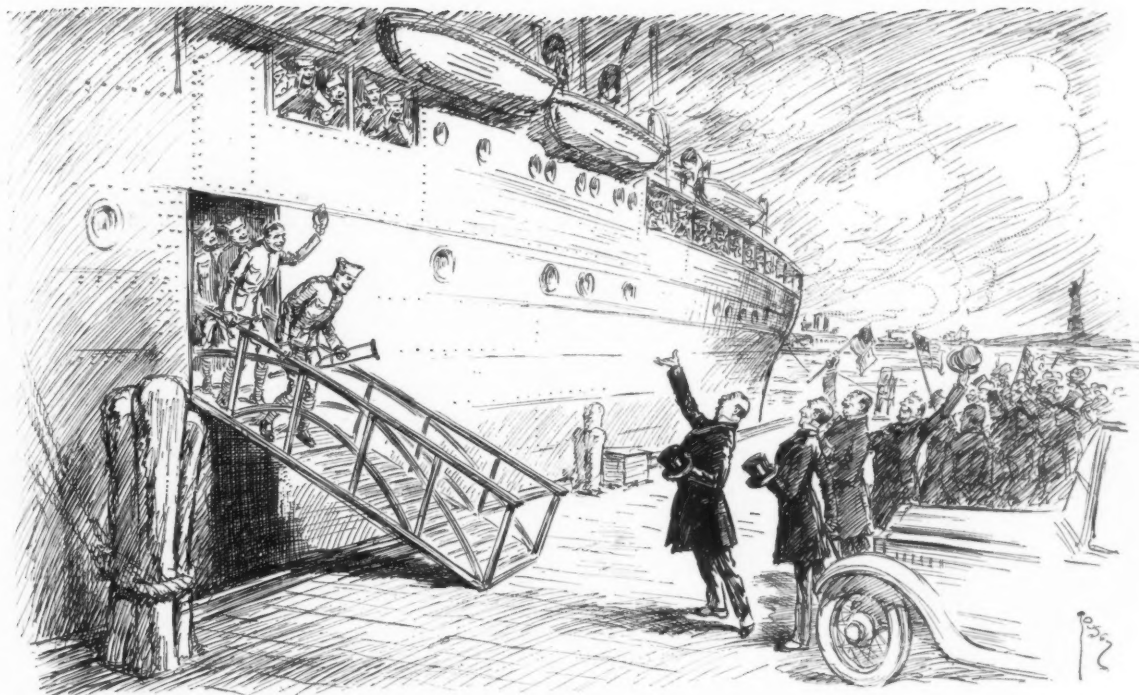
"THIS Prohibition outlook is a trifle expensive."

"How so?"

"Why, I've just had to build an addition to my wine cellar."

Recipe for a Hero

AN average American soldier.
One opportunity to serve.
Equal parts of danger and courage.
A sense of duty.
A hot enemy fire.



Dignified Spokesman of Welcoming Committee: HEROES! IN THE NAME OF AMERICA, WE GREET YOU. THE HISTORY OF YOUR VALOROUS DEEDS SHALL BE FOREVER EMBLAZONED ON OUR COUNTRY'S ESCUTCHEON. THE NOBILITY OF YOUR SACRIFICES SHALL—

Chorus of Heroes' Voices: WHEN DO WE EAT?—HAS THE COUNTRY GONE DRY YET?—ARE THERE ANY LIVE ONES IN THE "FOLLIES" THIS YEAR?—HOW ABOUT A DRY MARTINI?

Heroes Who Receive No Medals

THE married man who walks the floor all night with a crying infant in his arms.

The poor devil who braves the terrors of department stores, trying to match a piece of ribbon for his wife.

The resident of Manhattan who ventures to remove his hat when a lady enters the elevator.

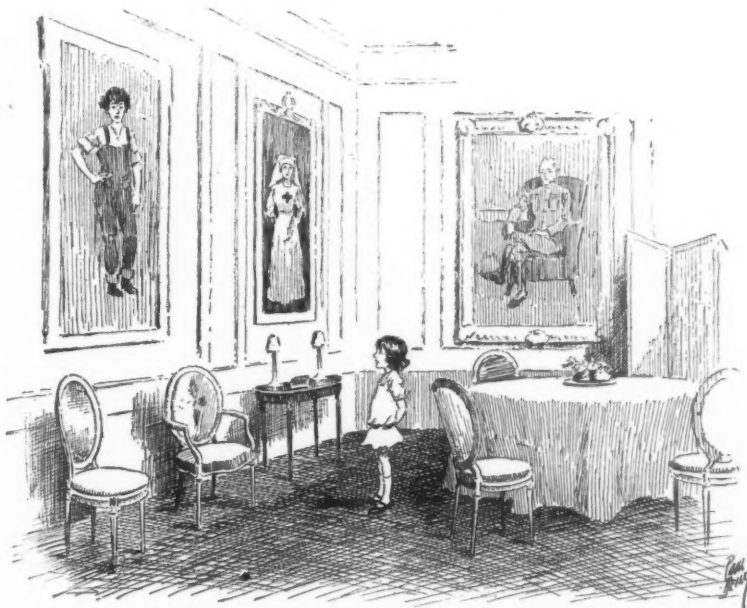
The Brooklynite who isn't ashamed of it.

A Distinction

THE man who opposes secret diplomacy is the man who dreads a surgical operation because he doesn't trust the ether.

The man who opposes open diplomacy is the man who dreads a surgical operation because he doesn't trust the doctor.

TRUTH crushed to earth sometimes crawls into a shell-hole and waits for Man to pass by.



A. D. 1968

FAMILY PORTRAITS

Keeping Them Along



DENISE CHAMPION, BABY 2910

LIFE'S interest at present is not so much in securing funds to add to the number of war orphans on our list as to secure the renewed maintenance for two years of the children who have already been aided through the generosity of LIFE's readers. In the majority of cases the original contributors are renewing, but in some instances they are unable to do so. We should like to have the option of applying new contributions to another two years for children already listed.

LIFE has received, in all, \$318,721.68, from which 1,785,476.75 francs have been remitted to Paris.

We gratefully acknowledge from

R. F. P., Pittsburgh, Pa., for Babies Nos. 3631 and 3632.....\$146
Sunday School Class of the First Presbyterian Church, through
Mrs. J. A. Trotter, East Liverpool, Ohio, for Baby No. 3613. 73
Red Cross Auxiliary, Astor Office, Bankers Trust Company, New
York City, for Babies Nos. 3634, 3635 and 3636..... 292
Edwin Ruud, Pittsburgh, Pa., for Babies Nos. 3639 and 3640... 146
Mrs. I. L. Foulon, Mt. Pleasant, Mich., for Baby No. 3642.... 73

RENEWALS: Fred A. King, Boston, Mass., \$10; James W. Austin,
Boston, Mass., \$73; Mrs. Eugene J. Grow, Lebanon, N. H., \$73;
J. E. S. Heath, Los Angeles, Cal., \$50; Mary E. Williams, Glastonbury,
Conn., \$73; Mrs. M. B. Williams, Glastonbury, Conn.,
\$73; Mrs. Victor M. Cutter, Brookline, Mass., \$73; Mr. and



SERIOUS EMBARRASSMENT OF OUR FORMER ELEVATOR-MAN, PRIVATE JENKINS, WHO CAME BACK EXPECTING TO ASK THE BUILDING SUPERINTENDENT FOR HIS OLD JOB.

Mrs. Lee Charles Miller, Salt Lake City, Utah, \$73; E. T. Pawtucket, R. I., \$73; In memory of W. S. S., Newton, Mass., \$73; Mrs. Reginald C. Robbins, Hamilton, Mass., \$73, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Augsburg, San Francisco, Cal., \$73; Mrs. Walter Bledsoe, Terre Haute, Ind., \$36.50; G. R. P., Lexington, Ky., \$73; Samuel Dutton Lynch and Elizabeth Denning Lynch, Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y., \$73; M. R. K. McG., Sewickley, Pa., \$73; E. G. P., E. P. and E. P., Jr., Rochester, N. Y., \$109.50; In loving memory of Alice R. Radmore, New York City, \$73.

PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: R. A. Holmes, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$18; Mr. and Mrs. A. Keeney Clarke, New York City, \$10; Harry C. Upsher and J. W. Upsher, Oklahoma City, Okla., \$36.50; I. N. L. Class of the Presbyterian Sunday School, Napoleon, Ohio, \$9.13; Westminster Bible Class of the First Presbyterian Church of East Liverpool, Ohio, \$13; Harry G. Bickley, Williamsburg, Pa., \$3; In memory of Emma B. Bryner, Davenport, Iowa, \$5; Lila C. Hedges, Haverstraw, N. Y., \$7; Mrs. A. S. Sigurdson, Valley City, N. D., \$3; Mrs. A. R. Teeple, Oklahoma City, Okla., \$18; Anne Slack Jones, Grenada, Miss., \$3; Mrs. J. W. Moore, Ahsokie, N. C., \$23; The Saturday Morning Club of School No. One, Yonkers, N. Y., \$20; Margaret C. Rountree, Kenilworth, Ill., \$36.50; W. A. Y., Centre Valley, Pa., \$13; Helen W. Rawson, Washington, D. C., \$63; Pupils and teachers of the McKinley School, Phoenix, Ariz., \$11.50; The Junior Woman's Club, Xenia, Ohio, \$36.50; The girls in Room 52, Enlisted Rolls Division of the Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C., \$23; Mrs. W. H. Gass, East Liverpool, Ohio, \$18.25.

BABY NUMBER 3618

Already acknowledged \$55.79
Edwin Ruud, Pittsburgh, Pa., 4
Henry J. Van Praag, royalties on "A
Marching Song for America"..... 10.97
\$70.70

Some Job

TED: What became of that girl you used to take to the ball games, the one to whom you used to try to explain the different plays?

NED: She now keeps me busy trying to make her understand the freedom of the seas and the League of Nations.

PADEREWSKI hath charms to soothe the savage Pole.



"UNCLE JIM, WERE THE OTHER SOLDIERS MUCH HELP TO YOU IN WINNING THE WAR?"



Breakfast has
regained all its
old flavor



Don't tell me prayers
are not answered



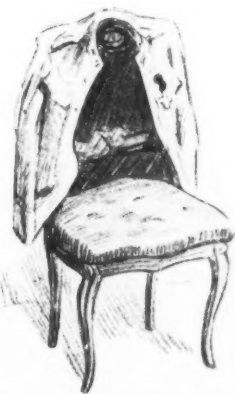
I dig up his flowers just
to hear him scold again



When he sings
"There's a long, long trail"
Say! Believe me, folks,
a dog understands!



Golf has renewed all
its old fascination

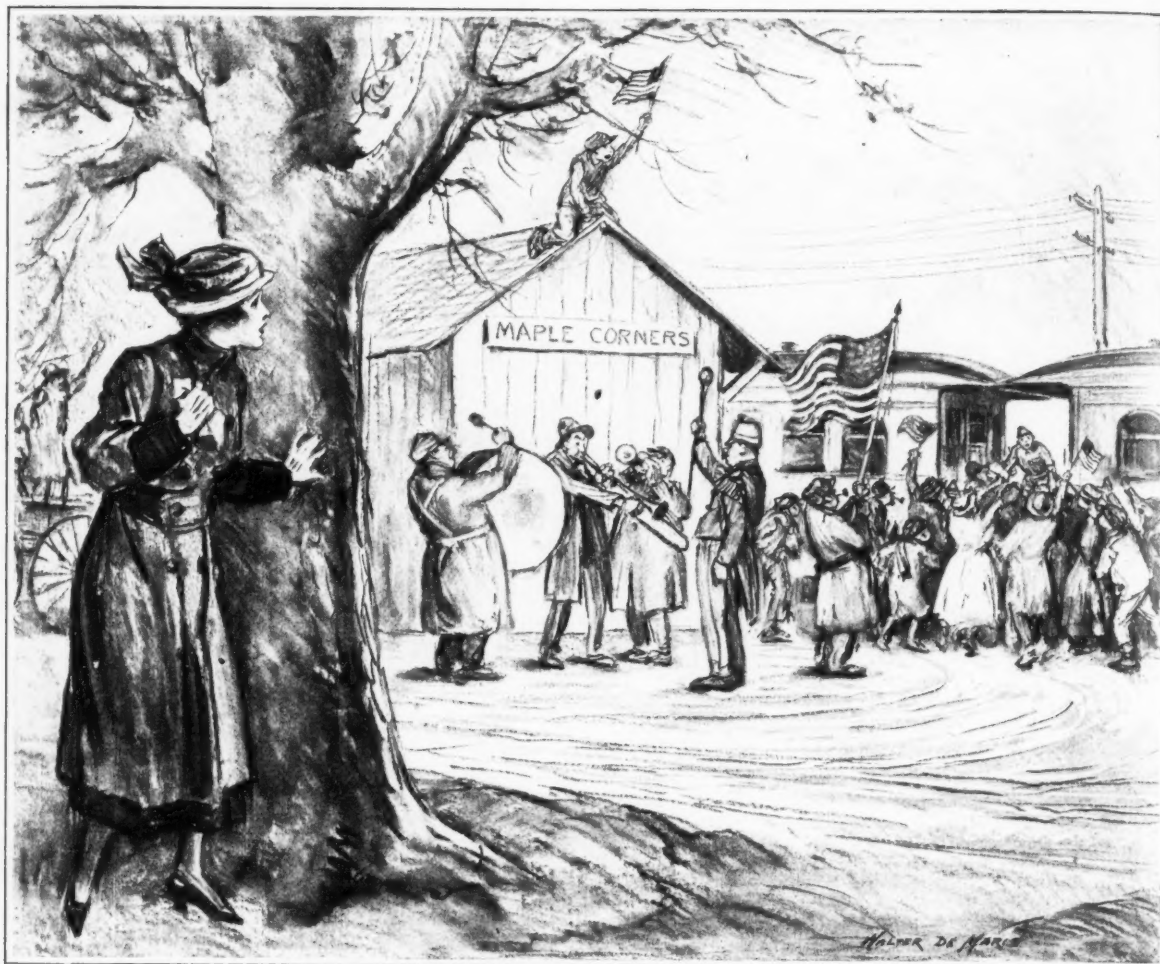


The little cross that's
pinned to his coat?
Oh! I just love that!



There's some sense now
in waiting in a window
by the hour

"HE'S BACK"



JED HANKINS, D. S. C., WAS EXPECTING A RECEPTION COMMITTEE OF ONE



THE BOY'S



DREAMS

THE MAN'S

Butterfly Inn

*ODD bits one hears above the din
Of the jazz-band ragtime of But-
terfly Inn.*

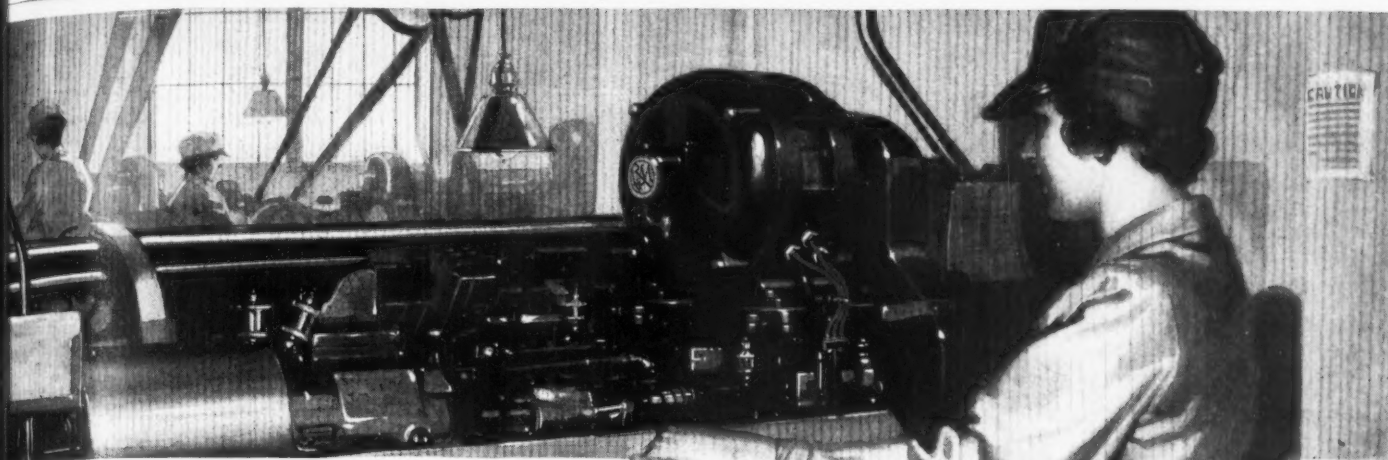
Said the butterflies painted on the wall
To the painted butterflies at the
tables:

"We do not envy you at all:
Nets cannot catch us, nor sables."

But the painted butterflies at the tables
Wore ears that heard nothing at all:
That is, nothing so true as the fables
Of the butterflies painted on the wall.

*Odd bits one notes at Butterfly Inn,
Where puppets caper to Brass and Tin.*

Richard Butler Glaenzner.



They Serve

Now that we have won the war, the girl in overalls who has helped keep her country's industries in operation during war will merit fully her place of honor alongside the boy in blue or khaki.

In the factory equipped with Robbins & Myers Motors it has been a simple matter to change from men to women workers—for here the power equipment is found in its most convenient, easily managed form.

Simple to operate, clean, quiet and safe, R&M Motors—ranging from 1-40 to 30 h. p.—have helped tremendously to make factory work attractive to the woman worker. And R & M reliability and convenience of operation, together with woman's natural adaptability, have enabled factories to change to women workers without a halt in production.

In addition to the service they are performing for the woman worker in the factory, R & M Motors are also helping the thousands who have to do the home work. By operating the washing machine, electric sweeper and other household devices, they are freeing the woman at home from the need of household help.

Leading manufacturers of such machines have adopted Robbins & Myers Motors to insure an absolute reliability of operation of their product.

Power users seeking to better production; labor-saving device makers anxious to insure a better operating performance of their product; electrical dealers desirous of increasing sales—all find their motor ideals fully realized in the R&M line.

The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, Ohio

For Twenty-two Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors
Branches in All Principal Cities

Robbins & Myers Motors





A Hard Life

"Arabella," the gob softly whispered to her, "I am going to tell you something. I do not know just how you will receive it, but hope 'or the best. For some time it has been in my heart to tell you of it, but I had not the courage. Arabella—"

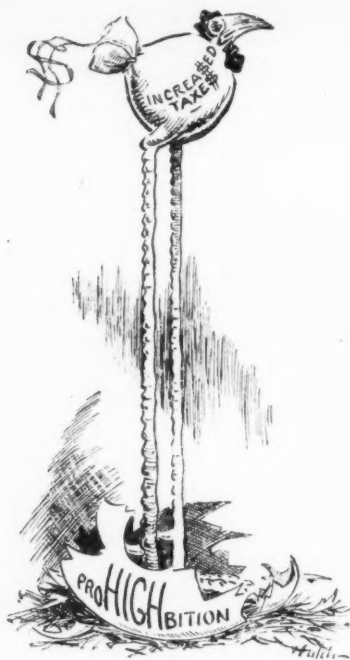
"Yes, yes, go on," the girl murmured, the third finger of her left hand itching perceptibly.

"It's this, then: The last electric leaves here in three minutes, and if I miss it I'll have to walk back to Great Lakes."—*Great Lakes Bulletin*.

Prudent

"Why don't you go into politics?"

"Can't afford it," replied the cautious citizen. "It has become almost a custom for a statesman to leave office a poorer man than when he entered it. And I'm in debt now."—*Washington Star*.



GOING UP!

The Biggest Show

For about an hour Aunt Mirandy's three dusky offspring had been "pestering" her to take them to the circus. The big tents had just been pitched three or four blocks away, and there was great excitement in the neighborhood.

"Now, you all go on away," commanded Aunt Mirandy. "I gotta work to buy yo' grub an' yo' clo's. I ain't got no time to take yo' nowheres."

"Den ask pappy to take us," pleaded one of the youngsters.

"Huh! Yo' pa ain't got no intrus' in no circus a-tall, a-tall. No, suh!" Then, after a pause, she added contemptuously, "He ain't got de slightest' ambition for no circus since he done hab de delicious trembles."—*New York Globe*.

Evading It

"Hubby, if I were to die would you marry again?"

"That question is hardly fair, my dear."

"Why not?"

"If I were to say yes you wouldn't like it, and to say never again wouldn't sound nice."—*Pittsburg Sun*.

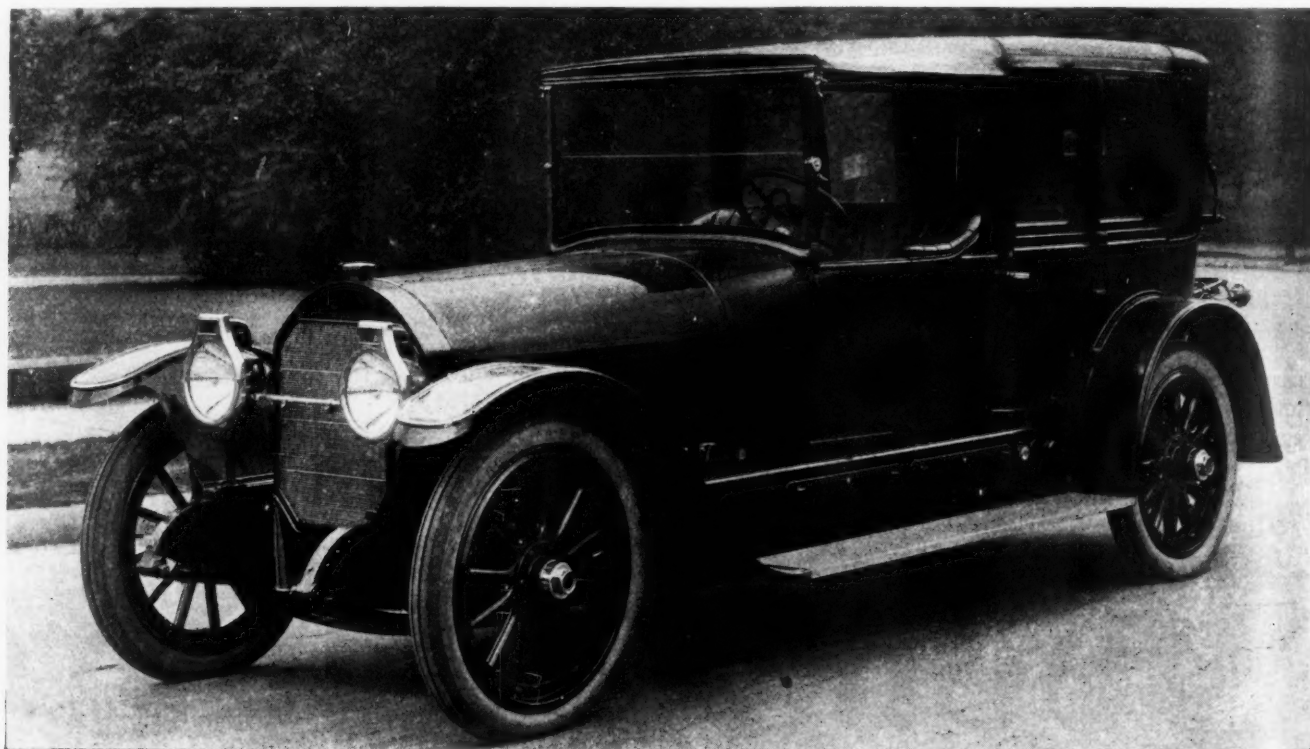
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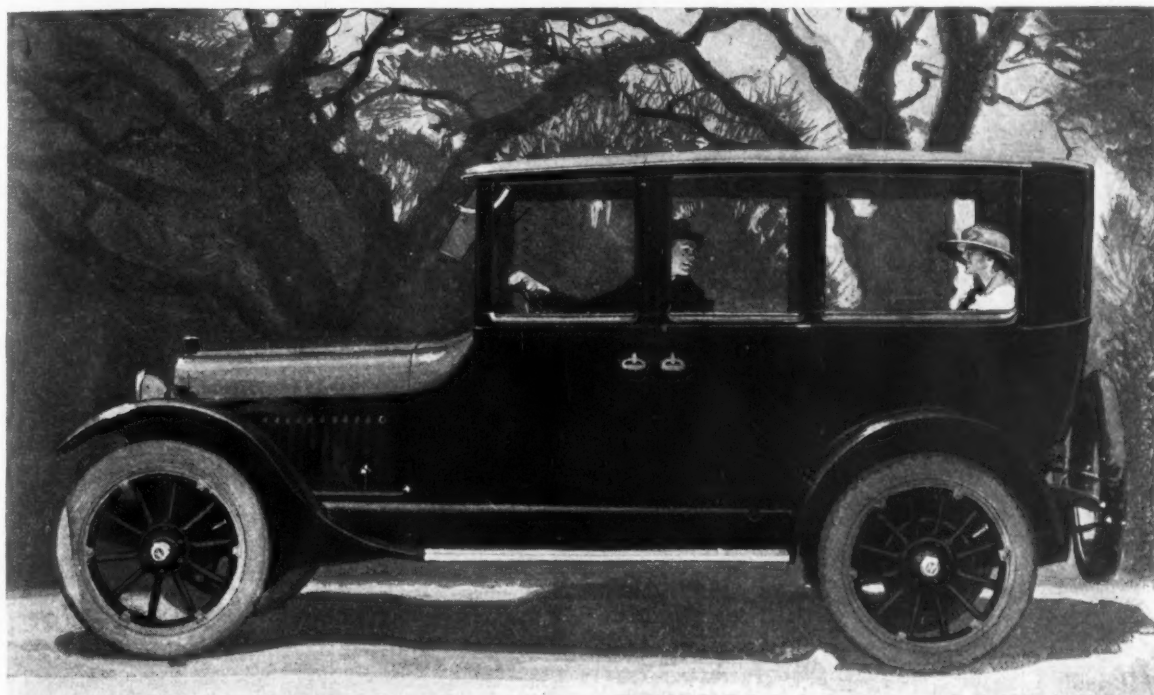


Semi Touring Locomobile

THE TYPE OF CAR USED BY THE CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY

Custom design by
The Locomobile Company of America, Bridgeport, Conn.

CHANDLER SIX \$1795



50,000 Owners, 50,000 Friends

THE greatest single factor in the continuous and increasing growth of demand for the Chandler Six is the extraordinary satisfaction fifty thousand Chandler owners have found in this great car.

Because of what these Chandler owners

Handsome Chandler Sedan Now Only \$2495

This beautiful big car is quite in a class by itself. Gracefully designed, splendidly finished and upholstered, roomy and comfortable, it is a car of exceptional refinement. In inclement weather it may be wholly enclosed, offering snug protection against the cold or snow or rain. On warm, pleasant days, with the win-

know and say of their car, thousands more choose the Chandler each year.

Chandler offers more for less than any other car. A determined Chandler policy provides a really fine car at the lowest possible price. Chandler holds its leadership for 1919 just as distinctly as in the past.

dows lowered away, it is open to the sunshine and the soft air.

The Chandler Sedan seats seven passengers when its auxiliary chairs are in use. It is sturdily built and withstands the rack and strain of rough roadways.

Your Family Would Be Delighted With a Chandler Sedan

Seven-Passenger Touring Car, \$1795
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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Tonsorial Art

"Poor Jim has been sent to a lunatic asylum," said the barber, flourishing a shining razor over his customer.

"Who's Jim?" said the man in the chair.

"Jim is my twin brother, sir. Jim kept brooding over the hard times, and I suppose he finally got crazy."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, he and me worked side by side for years, and we are so alike we couldn't tell each other apart. We both brooded a great deal, too. No money in this business now."

"What's the reason?"

"Prices too low. Unless a customer takes a shampoo, it doesn't pay to shave or haircut. Poor Jim, I caught him trying to cut a customer's throat because he refused a shampoo, so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me sad. Sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him slash all he wanted to. It might have saved his reason. Shampoo, sir?"

"Yes!"—*Globe and Anchor.*

Perfectly Clear

Said an Irish leader: "Min, ye are on the verge of battle. Will yez fight or will yez run?"

"We will!" came a chorus of eager replies.

"Which will yez do?" says he.

"We will not," says they.

"Thank ye, me min," says he; "I thought ye would."—*Everybody's.*



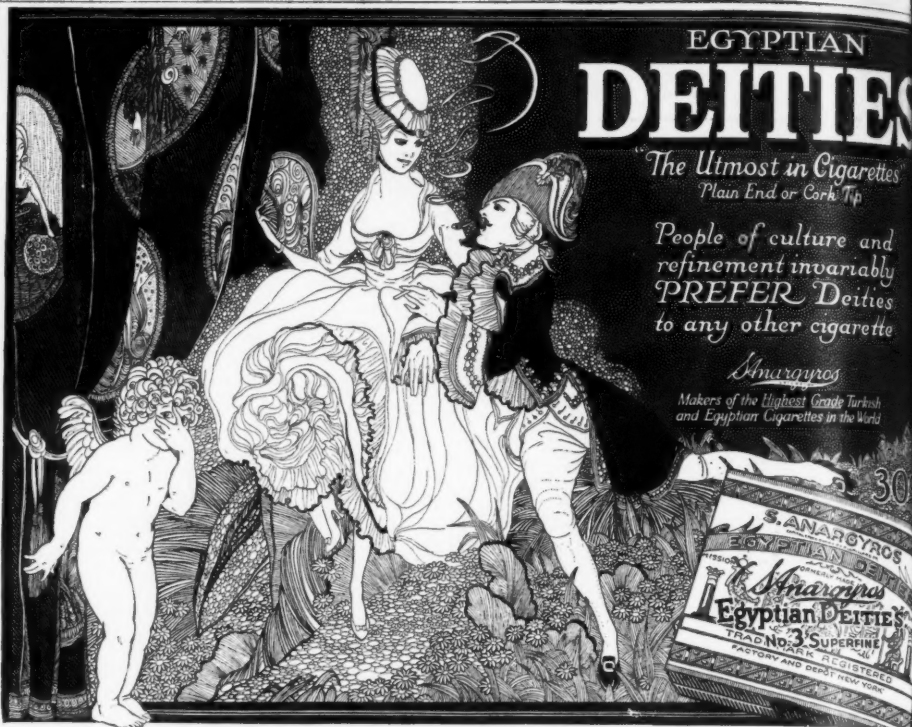
"Wooleather" Slippers

for emergency calls at night, in the morning, any time or place, a warm, comfortable, foot covering is needed in a hurry. Pearl leather sole, ankle high, roll-top uppers cut from whole skins, tanned with the wool on—thick and soft against the foot; will dry clean. All sizes. \$3 by Parcel Post insured. Money back if dissatisfied. On approval by express, charges collect.

S. R. S. "Wooleather" Co.
Salem, Inc.
Mass.



WRITE A SONG—LOVE, MOTHER,
home, childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today.
Thomas Merlin, 288 Reaper Block, Chicago.



EGYPTIAN

DEITIES

The Utmost in Cigarettes
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and
refinement invariably
PREFER Deities
to any other cigarette

Anagyrus

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



Outmaneuvered

"A police court isn't all grim and sordid," remarked Judge White the other day. "Sometimes something really funny happens. Not so very long ago a chauffeur was brought in after having run down a man."

"Did you know that if you struck this pedestrian he would be seriously injured?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the chauffeur.

"Then why didn't you zigzag your car and miss him?"

"He was zigzagging himself and out-guessed me, your honor," was the answer.

—*Pittsburg Sun.*

Something New

INEBRIATED ONE (to local professor with reputation for great knowledge): Some people think they know everything.

After this had been repeated two or three times the professor replied that he had known people who thought they knew more than they did know, but that he had never met anyone who claimed to know everything.

INEBRIATED ONE: Well, I can tell you something you don't know! My wife is your washerwoman, and I'm wearing one of your shirts.—*Tit-Bits.*

Tangled Up

"What is that string around your finger for?"

"That is to remind me that I forgot something my wife tied it there for me to remember."—*Baltimore American.*

OBSERVE him now in all his pride and presuming; but there will come a time when the most fastidious and discriminating connoisseur of beverages will not look a gift bottle in the cork.

—*New York Sun.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON boasted that he could not tell a lie. That being the case, he was bound to admit that, being an annual subscriber to LIFE, the greatest pleasure of the week was the arrival of the Tuesday morning's mail.

"Wot's dis here ennui, Bill?"

"It's when a feller gets so lazy he feels dat loafin's blamed hard work."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Exclusive Individuality



5 ft. h. Kid Elastic side Oxford. Custom made ready to wear, kept in stock.

Can be ordered in other colors, two dollars

Selections of other hand made P and Slippers in stock, 12.00 up

Mail order satisfaction a specialty. Catalog

E. HAYES, Inc.

Makers of Ladies' Fine Foot

582 FIFTH AVENUE, N.

Est. 1878 Bet. 47th & 4

Keeping Fit All the Way

By WALTER CAMP

MR. CAMP here preaches the gospel of health, strength, efficiency, and happiness to middle-aged men, a class numbering over eight million members in this country alone. He points out the danger to health and the economic loss consequent upon a man's allowing himself to get out of good physical condition, and he tells him how he may recover his impaired vitality and begin again to enjoy life, yes, and to do big things in life.

Profusely Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, \$1.35.

HARPER & BROTHERS
NEW (Est. 1817) YORK

74th ANNUAL REPORT

New York Life Insurance Company

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, President.

Influenza, we are told, up to January 1, 1919, had already killed as many young and vigorous persons in the world generally as were killed by bullets and disease in four and a half years of the war.

The mortality of the Company up to the outbreak of influenza promised to be, in 1918, about 61% of the mortality provided for in the premiums; it was actually 95% of the expected. If this epidemic persists during 1919 dividends may be reduced in 1920. They remain substantially unchanged in 1919. But neither war nor influenza can make any material difference to members of this Company, because as against such startling incidents this Company long since made abundant provision.

From this there are two fair deductions:

First—INSURE—there are just as many and just as sound reasons for insuring your life during days of peace as there are for insuring during times of war.

Second—insure in companies that have aimed above all things to achieve safety. In these days SAFETY sounds better than CHEAPNESS.

The New Business of the year, chiefly from the United States and Canada, was over \$340,000,000 the largest year's business in the Company's history.

The Company bought so many Liberty Bonds during the year that it was obliged to borrow from the New York banks. The statement shows, on that account, Bills Payable for over

22,800,000

On December 31, 1918, the Company owned at par in Liberty Bonds

70,000,000

And in the Bonds of Allied Countries issued to finance the war

30,000,000

BALANCE SHEET, JANUARY 1, 1919

INCOME		DISBURSEMENTS	
For Insurance and Annuities	\$110,138,795	On Policy Contracts	\$98,563,728
Interest and Rent	41,500,877	Expenses and Taxes	22,816,479
Borrowed Money	24,000,000	Loans Repaid	1,320,000
Other Income	3,246,707	Added to Ledger Assets	56,186,172
Total	\$178,886,379	Total	\$178,886,379
ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Real Estate	\$13,449,600	Policy Liabilities	\$786,267,002
Loans—on Mortgage, Policies and Collateral	321,887,157	Premiums, etc., Prepaid	4,515,533
Bonds and Stock	609,717,289	Commissions, Salaries, etc.	3,876,246
All other Assets	50,033,239	Borrowed Money	22,863,879
Total	\$995,087,285	Reserves for Dividends, etc.	177,564,625
		Total	\$995,087,285

Policies in force Jan. 1, 1919 1,360,433
 Insurance in force Jan. 1, 1919 \$2,838,829,802



OKEH

ARROW

form-fit

COLLARS

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., Makers, TROY, N. Y.

Once More- Old Fashioned Molasses Candy

Ask for it again—and taffies, too, and bonbons, cream peppermints, sweet chocolate—and all of the several hundred Huyler's that have been hard to obtain during recent months. Just the same as ever—if not a little better. All Huyler's agencies and stores are offering generous varieties.

Ask again for your favorite

Huyler's NEW YORK
67 Stores - Agencies
almost everywhere

In Canada—many agencies; factory and store in Toronto



Tea for Three

CLEAN, sound, white teeth add to the pleasure of living. Dr. Sheffield's Crème Dentifrice, made by the oldest tooth paste manufacturers in America, has brightened the smiles of thousands. As efficient as it is pure—formulated in accordance with the latest accepted theories of the dental profession.

Leaves the mouth clean and wholesome with a pleasant aftertaste. We do not believe a better dentifrice possible at any price.

DR. SHEFFIELD'S CRÈME DENTIFRICE

ESTABLISHED 1850

Send 10c in stamps for a medium-size tube, or 25c for full size. Note how pleasantly and thoroughly this exquisite dentifrice does its work. Sheffield Dentifrice Company, 421 Canal Street, New York City.



"MY DEAR ALFRED, I DON'T SEE WHY YOU OBJECT TO MY FLIRTING A LITTLE. GOD GAVE ME GOOD LOOKS, AND IT SEEMS SACRILEGIOUS NOT TO USE THEM."

Ballad

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Ballade of Doing Our Bit

WE did our bit, the U. S. A.,
We took our share of shot and
shell,

A little late, perhaps, in the day,
But, never mind—we did it well;
But they were full four years in hell,
Blood to the waist, backs to the wall;
So, please, when you the story tell—
Don't talk as if we did it all.

For once forego our ancient way—
By pride, 'tis said, the angels fell—
And rather let us humbly pay
Homage to her that would not sell
Herself, nor any Might compel,
Belgium so great that seemed so small,
That torch and torture could not
quell—
Don't talk as if we did it all.

Remember Serbia at bay,
With not a roof 'neath which to
dwell;
And France, her soul half torn away
Unconquered and invincible;
And, in her Alpine citadel,
Forget not Italy, and recall
That England did her bit as well—
Don't talk as if we did it all.

Envoi

Boys, why, of course—our bosoms
swell;

That we should talk a little tall
Is, so to say, *au naturel*—
Don't talk as if we did it all.

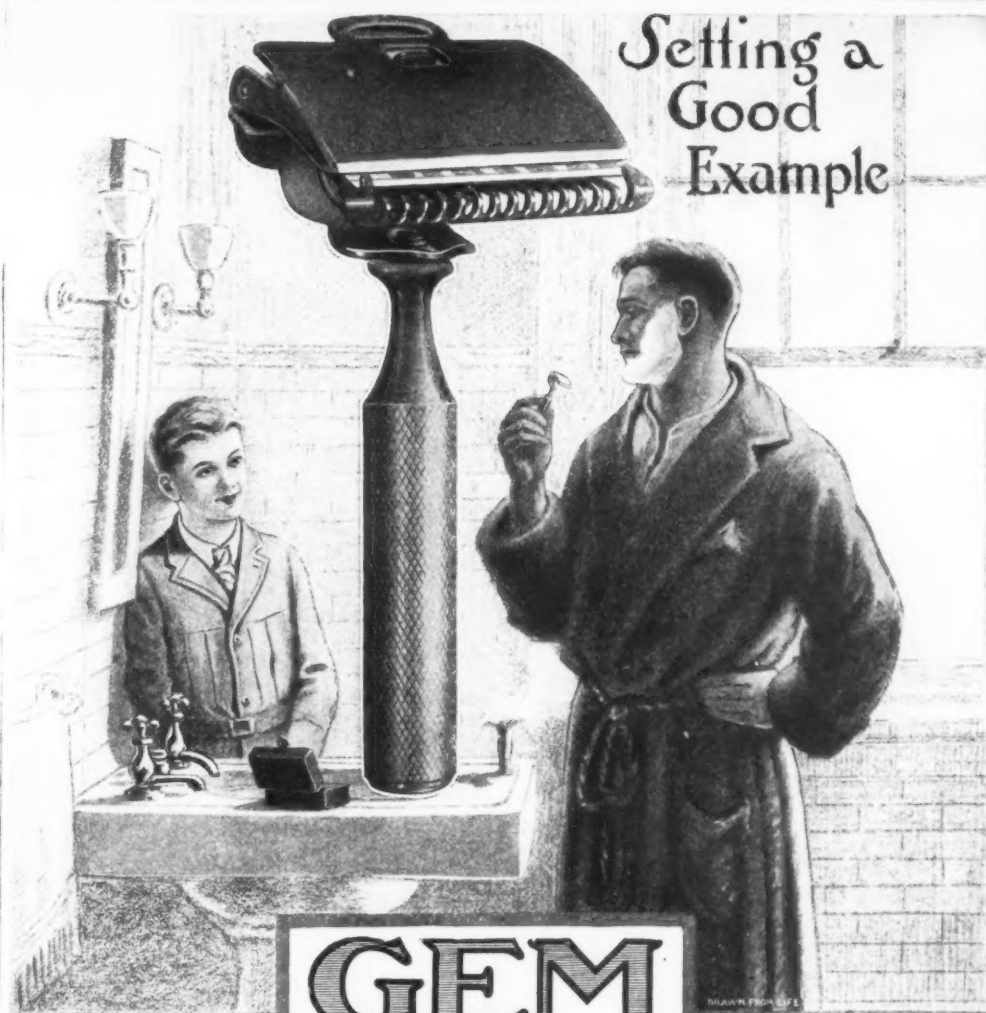
Richard Le Gallienne.

Why Not Capitalize It?

MR. SMITH, I represent the Stygian Life Insurance Company. I know you don't want to talk to me or listen to me; I know you have all the insurance you feel able to pay for. I am not here to tell you your chances of dying to-night, or of being hit by an automobile on leaving this building; neither shall I try to convince you that my company can offer you anything more than any other well-managed, long-established concern. I shall not pretend that I am especially interested in your welfare and wish to do you a service. I am trying to make a living. Here is a blank application. You do not need to say any of the common-places. Good day, Mr. Smith.

"Ah, you have signed it. Permit me to insert the amount—say twenty-five thousand dollars. Our doctor will call on you to-morrow at 12.01. Thank you, Mr. Smith. Yes; I am using a new method. The idea came from the Four Minute speakers. Haven't lost a prospect yet. But my time is up. I shall deliver your policy in person, but that takes only one minute under the new system. Good-bye."

Setting a Good Example



**GEM
DAMASKEENE
RAZOR**

Millions
in use today

A favorite for
over 25 years

Shaving with a **GEM Razor** is just as easy and pleasant as it looks—let the "young shaver" remember that those who have had shaving experience use the **GEM**, and are good ones to pattern after—they're setting a valuable example.

Your razor is wrong if the blade is not right. The **GEM Blade** in a **GEM** frame makes a perfect combination for a perfect shave.



\$1.00 **GEM**
Complete

Includes frame, shaving and stropping handles and seven **Gem Blades** in handsome case as illustrated, or in Khaki case for traveling.

Add 50 cents to above price for Canada

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For All Outdoor Sports

Puttees are the thing, everywhere, for men, women and boys who enjoy outdoor sports—skating, hunting, walking, climbing, golf, tobogganing, riding. They are smart, comfortable, convenient. For chauffeurs and all who work outdoors too.

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NEW NON-FRAY SPIRAL (Patented)

FOX'S—the puttee of the world—have long been the finest English puttees. They won't fray at the edge. They lie flat and smooth. They are more durable and comfortable than leather or canvas. They are quality all the way through. Ask for FOX'S. If your dealer hasn't them, write us.

Manley & Johnson, Dept. G, 265 W. BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

Classified

WILLIE: What's a Red, dad?

CRABSHAW: Usually he's a fellow without a red.



AN OPTIMIST

"OH, BOY! WHEN I THINK OF WHAT I DONE TO THAT BUNCH O' HEINIES!"

The League of Nations: Overtones

FRANCE: *Bien!* But we are not going to scrap our barrier fortresses.

ENGLAND: Most excellent, old top! But we shall still remain an island entirely surrounded by super-dreadnaughts.

ITALY: We're in! But the Adriatic is still our own aquarium.

RUSSIA: Rightsky! But just two million Red Guards to enforce our vodka regulations—what?

GERMANY: *Ja wohl!* But we'll keep the Krupp fires burning, just the same.

JAPAN: *Banzai!* But we really can't disarm for economic reasons.

AMERICA: Bully! But who said England could out-navy us?

Ephemeral Heroes

TED: There's a man going around who claims to have been the first to go over the top.

NED: Just wait a while and there will be a fellow boasting that he fired the last shot.

Allen's Foot-Ease For the Feet

Sprinkle one or two Allen's Foot-Ease powders in the Foot Bath and soak and rub the feet. It takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions and smarting, aching feet. Then for lasting comfort, shake Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes. The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning. It takes the friction from the shoe, rests the feet and makes walking a delight. Always use it for dancing parties and to break in new shoes. All dealers sell it.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

TOOFATTOFIGHT

By REX BEACH

HERE is a Rex Beach masterpiece of humor, a little book big with laughter. It is destined to be read by millions of people, for Norman Dally will become one of the best beloved heroes of 1919. Nobody can resist a fat man, and "Dimples," as he is commonly called, is incorrigible from the first page to the last—from the day he sets out with the Red Triangle across the seas to the day they pin the Croix de Guerre on his breast. Illustrated, 75 cents.

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NEW (Est. 1817) YORK



Winter winds are just as many throat irritations as they did in the past when Piso's was already widely known and used cough preparation.

A half-century's proof of dependability has placed it on a twenty-four hour duty in thousands of carefully stocked home medicine cabinets. Your druggist sells Piso's—with a guarantee—30c a bottle.

Contains No Opium
Safe for Young and Old

PISO'S

for Coughs & Colds

Journalism

SCENE: Henry Ford's newspaper office. Enter the proprietor.

MR. FORD: Well, Pipp, is the paper out yet?

PIPP: Not yet, sir. The truth is I can't make out what you want.

MR. FORD: What I want? Why, dear boy, I want a modern, up-to-date newspaper, all the parts assembled and going twenty miles on a gallon of gas.

PIPP: That's all right, sir, but we must have a model, and for the life of me I can't make up my mind what to select.

MR. FORD: Model! What are you driving at?

PIPP: Well, take the editorial page. It wouldn't do to have anything new in editorials. The question is, what model shall I take?

MR. FORD: Ah, I see. What's the matter with writing editorials like the New York Evening Post? The fact that nobody reads them does not detract from their literary value.

PIPP: Certainly not, sir, and it's curious you should be speaking of the Post, because I was just considering it. But to write editorials like the Post I should have to read Burke and Bagehot; otherwise they would be a failure.

MR. FORD: Burke and Bagehot? Never heard of 'em. Can't be much or Tom Edison would have spoken of 'em to me, and he's educated.

PIPP (aside): Glad you think so. Well, sir, Burke and Bagehot are historical writers.

MR. FORD: So that's the game you



Kill Dandruff With Cuticura

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

are playing on me, are you? No history for me, if I've got to read the proof-sheets.

PIPP: Well, if you don't want any history or facts, I might model the editorial page on the New York *Evening Journal*. Mr. Brisbane doesn't confine himself to either.

MR. FORD: That's more like. Now you are getting closer to what the American people really want. What's going to be in the rest of the paper?

PIPP: Well, I thought I would fill most of it up with comic pictures, some picturesque murder stories, accounts of prominent society people, a joke column by a broken-down professional humorist, Washington correspondence by a true friend of the administration, with possibly a little more news on the side.

MR. FORD: Pipp, you're fired.

PIPP: What's the matter, sir? I thought—

MR. FORD: Good glory! You would make my paper a success, would you? Haven't I got enough money as it is?



"I SEE BY THE PAPER THAT YOUR WIFE IS GOING TO PRESIDE AT THE WOMAN'S CLUB MEETING TO-MORROW NIGHT."

"INDEED! IT DOESN'T SAY WHAT SHE'S DOING TO-NIGHT, DOES IT?"

"Old Town Canoes"

A Spanking Breeze

sends your canoe swiftly skimming over the water. What glorious sport is canoeing, whether with sail or paddle. Sport like this made American soldiers and sailors fit to fight and win. "Outdoor life did it." Get out in the open in an "Old Town" Canoe. Staunch and trim, buoyant, speedy and safe. Write for catalog which includes sailing equipment. Dealers everywhere.

Old Town Canoe Co.
1833 Middle St.
Old Town, Maine



MONEY or Your LIFE

It's bad enough to be held up and robbed of your money and your watch.

But to allow waste matter to be "held up" in your intestines may be far more serious. You can get more money; you can buy another watch. You may never be able to get your health back.

Constipation is the "hold-up" man of the human system. The food waste it holds up in your lower intestines decays and generates poisons. A poisoned system is the result. Over 90% of human illness has its origin in the intestinal canal. Nature normally tries to get rid of this poisonous waste. But when she can't do the work single-handed, you must help her in her own way. *The Nujol Treatment is nature's way.*

The pills-salts-castor oil-mineral water habits are not nature's way. They play constipation's game—forcing and upsetting the system.

Nujol acts easily, harmlessly, naturally—makes you "regular as clockwork."

Warning: Nujol is sold only in sealed bottles bearing the Nujol Trade Mark. Insist on Nujol. At all drug stores in U. S. and Canada. You may suffer from substitutes.

Nujol Laboratories

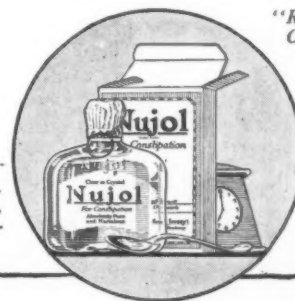
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50 Broadway New York

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Constipation

Write to Nujol Laboratories, STANDARD OIL CO. (NEW JERSEY), Room 112-L, 50 Broadway, New York, for free booklet "Thirty Feet of Danger", constipation and auto-intoxication in adults.



Jazz

IT is a far cry from the Golden Age, when the gods dwelt among men, to the Age of Jazz, when the gods flee and cover up their ears, but in the long jumps that get us nowhere, and the high hurdles that serve no purpose but to unsettle the markets, we are all to the mustard.

The underlying theory of Jazz is to think the worst of the popular taste and then conform everything to that conception.

It isn't confined to music, however.

We have Jazz Poetry, or free verse, and Jazz Dancing, which is the free verse of motion. A thousand churches show forth in their exteriors the Jazz Architecture of the day, and their pulpits resound with Jazz Theology. We pour out our millions to give our youth a Jazz Education, while reform wreaks itself far and wide in the production of Jazz Politics.

As for Jazz Drama—

We read about releases. It is a technical term, but everybody understands what it means. It means that things are being let loose upon us.

R. B.



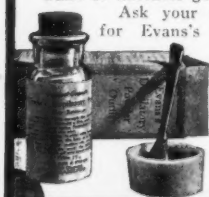
Evans's Depilatory —an effective hair remover

removes hair from underarm, face or arm, easily and quickly and comfortably—and then you are unembarrassed in wearing the sheer waist or décolleté gown.

Ask your drug- or department-store for Evans's Depilatory—the complete outfit is 75 cents. Or order from us postpaid.

George B Evans
1108 Chestnut St Phila

Also makers of "Mum"



An American Anagram

FATE took a HOER from the field,
Taught him the tools of war to wield,
Sent him to France as Freedom's shield,
To do, to dare, and not to yield—
And lo! a HERO stood revealed!

"POP, what is a gossip?"

"A gossip, my son, is a person who tells things before we have a chance to tell them ourselves."

WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

ALWAYS SUIT — NEVER FAIL
ALL KINDS
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE



Paint Brushes
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Send for Illustrated Literature
JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
BOSTON, U. S. A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over 108 Years and
the Largest in the World

The Doughboy's French

DEAR mother, when not in a trench,
My time goes not to waste;
I'm learning how to speak some
French—

A language to my taste.

A "bed" out here is called a "lee,"
And "back" in French is "dough";
For "yes" the word out here is "wee,"
And "water" they call "O."

"Non" when you would be saying
"no,"
And "under" is called "soo"
A "skin" in French is called a "po";
Then "we" is always "noo."

The German soldier is a "bosh";
Instead of "all," say "too";
A "pocket" they tell me is "posh,"
And then a "street" is "roo."

"Without" is "san," and "in" is
"dan";
Of running they say "coor";
"Before" they have made on "avan,"
And "for" is always "poor."

"Laugh," when translated, sounds like
"ree";
"False" here is changed to "foe";
For "who" they substituted "kee,"
And then for "word" say "moe."

A "daughter" here is called a "fee";
"In place," it means "au lieu";
"Taken" I just now heard called
"pree."

My dear mother, adieu.

F. H.

Books Received

The Paper Cap, by Amelia E. Barr.
(D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.)

The People's Part in Peace, by Ordway
Tead. (Henry Holt & Co.)

Behind the Wheel of a War Ambulance,
by Robert Whitney Imbrie. (Robert M.
McBride, \$1.50.)

Jackie Jingles, by LeRoy Hennessey
and Manus McFadden, U. S. N. (A. C.
McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill., \$1.)

The Marne, by Edith Wharton. (D.
Appleton & Co., \$1.25.)

Abraham Lincoln the Practical Mystic,
by Francis Grierson. (John Lane Com-
pany, \$1.)

Forward March! by Angela Morgan.
(John Lane Company, \$1.25.)

Pushing Water, by Eric Dawson, Lt.
R. N. V. R. (John Lane Company, \$1.)

Java Head, by Joseph Hergesheimer.
(Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.50.)

The Faith That Makes Faithful, by
Wm. Channing Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd
Jones. (The Stratford Company, Bos-
ton, Mass., \$1.25.)

Joining the Colors, by Capt. Chas. A.
Botsford, C. E. F. (Penn Publishing
Company, Philadelphia, Pa., \$1.35.)

PETER J. CAREY, PRINTER

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and
Summer
1919
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Agencies
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Cities



THE CONSERVATION OF FAT

THE DESERT OF WHEAT

By ZANE GREY

"THERE is bigness to the novels of Zane Grey that makes them impressive. He is prophet as well as poet of the West. He interprets its massive mountains, its deep canons, its free life and its free thought as no other novelist now writing has done. 'The Desert of Wheat' will add another splendid novel to his achievement of his already long list."—*The Philadelphia Press*.

Illustrated. Post 8vo, \$1.50.

HARPER & BROTHERS
NEW (Est. 1817) YORK



BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION